with a Lord Chamberlain, a Vice-Chamberlain, Treasurer, Equerry, Ladies of the Bed-chamber and Maids of Honor, and a Groom and Clerk of the Robes. And these quaintly named functionaries are well paid.

Parliament, however, has decided how much the King shall spend on all the various details of his establishment. He is not expected to see to his own housekeeping—the nation attends to that through officials with old-sounding names, some of whom are appointed by the successful political party as a reward for service, others by the King himself. The Civil List is divided into classes for the payment of these people and the expenses of the departments over which they preside.

*

So that a great part of what may be called the King's income is not really income at all. It is allocated beforehand to meet his household expenses, and the King and Queen have really little to do with it. They have to spend several millions of dollars a year; but the task lies lightly on them, for officers who hold positions of traditional dignity clamor for the glory of looking after their affairs, of settling their tradesmen's bills and superintending the details of the kitchen, the stable and the laundry.

Out of their official income of two million three hundred and fifty thousand dollars the King and Queen take five hundred and fifty thousand for themselves, the Queen's share being one hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars. These sums they spend as they please. But in addition to the state grant the King draws at least three hundred thousand dollars a year from the Duchy of Lancaster, and as a landowner at Sandringham and elsewhere he has a rent-roll of his own like any private gentleman, so that his personal income is probably not far short of a million dollars a year. And as he lives rent free, and has all his current housekeeping expenses paid for him out of the grants allotted from his Civil List to the various departments, it is assumed generally that his pocket-money is ample in the circumstances. Of course no details are publicly rendered as to the expenditure of that sum.

Under the second head of the Civil List provision is made for the payment of the officers and servants down to the lowest menial in the household, whether in the department of the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Steward, the Master of the Horse, or the Mistress of the Robes. The salaries and allowances of the King's personal staff and the officers of his household amount to six hundred and forty thousand dollars a year, and a fixed portion of his grant is set apart to pay them. Chaplains and preachers draw nearly seven thousand dollars, medical men attached to the court receive thirteen thousand five hundred dollars, and the Master of the Music and the band required ten thousand dollars until some recent changes were made.

The tradesmen's accounts come under Class III., and so much is allowed for every conceivable item—food, coal, firewood, uniforms and liveries, butcher's meat, groceries, washing (it costs fifteen thousand dollars a year to do the royal washing) and every incidental of housekeeping—and these run away with nearly a million dollars a year. Under other heads allowances are made for pensions, royal charities and special services, and a margin of forty thousand dollars is left for contingencies. Thus, although the King of England has such a large income, he has little concern with the spending of the greater part of it and probably knows little of its disposition.

*

As titular owner of the lands belonging to the crown, which are now managed by the Commissioners of the Woods and Forests, the King is one of the greatest ground landlords in London. The Duke of Lancaster draws much of his revenue from leases in the metropolis, and a large part of the King's income comes from the rents paid for building land in the heart of London. King Edward in one sense is the owner of several famous hotels and less fashionable drinking saloons. The Langham Hotel is chiefly freehold, but a small piece of its bow-window rests on the crown estate. Regent-st. and parts of Piccadilly, Pall Mall and the district of St. James are crown lands. The Carlton Hotel and Beerbohm Tree's theater stand on the King's land, so do the National Liberal Club, several famous social clubs, the Hotel Metropole, several great stores and a police-station. It is interesting to note that the National Liberal Club, which was built on land reclaimed from the Thames, pays to the crown estate a rent of six thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars a year, and the Carlton Hotel and the adjacent theater pay a rent of twenty-one thousand dollars on a seventy-two year lease.

But the King is not troubled with all these affairs. The commissioners who act on behalf of the public control them, and under their management the value of the land in the most attractive parts of London is increasing every year. Five years ago the London properties were let on leases for a million and a quarter dollars a year; if all the leases now expired and the current values were charged the returns would be four times that sum.

Nor is the King concerned with the maintenance or repair of his public residences. The "up-keep" of Windsor is a public charge, and Buckingham Palace, on which vast sums have been spent since it was acquired by George III. from the Buckingham family, also is maintained out of public funds. It is said that a million and a half dollars was spent on the state ballroom alone, and still the palace is regarded as unworthy of the purpose to which it is put. Though the King has a large income for his personal needs, his expenses of course are heavy. It is said that he lives plainly; but as the leader of society he has to give splendid entertainments and to spend money freely. The home life at Sandringham where the King assumes the rôle of the comfortable country gentleman, happy among his tenants and friends, is simple and unostentatious, but elsewhere the regal state entails great outlays.

Then, King Edward is fond of motoring, and has a number of the latest and most costly automobiles luxuriously fitted. He also is devoted to sport, and maintains a racing stable which won its crowning triumph when Persimmon was first in the Derby in 1896. But lately his horses have not been fortunate, and in these circumstances the "sport of Kings" is an expensive luxury. He also is exceedingly fond of yachting, and none knows better than his friend Sir Thomas Lipton how great are the drains which that hobby makes on the purse. The King and Queen always travel in luxurious style, the saloons being lavishly decorated and fitted with the most superb appointments, and the journeys made by the King and his large entourage must cause a great outlay every year. His wardrobe is of immense proportions. It is estimated that he has four hundred different uniforms, which are exceedingly costly; and the entertainment of foreign potentates falls upon his purse.

*

In these ways and many others which cannot be indicated, for of course no details of his private expenditures are accessible, King Edward finds abundant employment for his pocket-money. He enters heartily into the life of the people and takes the lead in many amusements and public works. In this way he causes a constant activity to provide for his entertainment, and this the purveyors contend is "good for trade."

The English love spectacle, and a royal visit excites every district to enthusiasm and a considerable expenditure in honor of the occasion. His subjects also know that the King is an influence for peace, which England craves above all other blessings at the present time. And they admire their monarch for his tact, his manliness and common-sense no less than they love his consort for her kindness of heart and gracious demeanor. And though critics sometimes arise to denounce the monarchy and complain of its cost, all parties are united at the present time in willingness "to make adequate provision for maintaining the honor and dignity of the crown."

MISLAID

HE lay on the velvet sofa—the tiredest little lad! And the prettiest too that ever a loving mother had. He had fallen asleep at supper. The others to bed were gone, and his mother tried to wake him—to put his nightgown on. And he answered in voice so sleepy, his sweet blue eyes shut fast, when she asked, "Where are my kisses?" "Where—did 'oo put 'em—last?"

AT SHOTTERY

(From Her Letter Home)

By Nell Kimberly McElhone

They took me to see Shakespeare's house, and so
We nosed around and gazed at all in sight;
And some poked with their canes, some names did write
Within the book for visitors, to show
That they and Shakespeare in that house had been.
Thus indirectly making them, too, great.
They showed us on the window name and date
Of Scott and Carlyle, which were dimly seen.
Now, do you think Carlyle or Scott would do it?
Well, anyway, we all stepped up to view it.
I do love Shakespeare, and I'm very glad
That once he was alive, and I am sad
That he is dead and we shall never meet—
We both lose much that might be very sweet.
But why go poking up his private stair
And glaring at his things? He is not there.
Besides 'twas stuffy and I've traveled many days—
'Twere better stay at home and read his plays.
Well, when we crossed the fields to Shottery—
God bless Anne Hathaway for living there!
For, oh, the grass, the trees, the sky, the air,
Castles, cathedrals, palaces, to me
Grow dim beside that walk to Shottery!
It was a dear, sweet cottage—best of all a home
Where Anne, sweet Anne, lived peacefully, no doubt.
And such a garden! wallflowers I should beg
If Anne were there—not now, that she is out.
And so I sat down on the sweet, cool grass
Outside her gate, and let the others pass
Within and see her things with eager zest—
The rooms, the doors, the hinges and the rest.
And as I sat alone and very still,
I thought about those good things that one will
And can sometimes, when left alone awhile—
Thoughts that the time can well and swift beguile.
And did I think of Shakespeare as he walked
Across the fields to Shottery and talked
To sweet Anne Hathaway out in her garden there,
Or, as in heavier mood, with thoughtful air
He stalked across those fields and back again
With untold fairy wonders in his brain.
Or of his friend Ben Jonson did I think,
Or other wits and poets, merry men
And gentle, food for profitable thought—
Was it of these that I sat thinking then?
Or was it of Anne Hathaway herself?
Or of the little children that came too,
To walk across the fields to grandmammas
To pluck the flowers of the brightest hue?
Did I think thus and ponder with a sigh?
I gave them not one single thought—not I!
Nor did my thoughts just vainly, idly roam—
I thought of you, my dearest love, and home.